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THE AMERICAN MISSION

THE AMERICAN MCALL RECORD

VOL X

No. 2

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APRIL, 1892

THE AMERICAN McALL RECORD

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE

AMERICAN McALL ASSOCIATION

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M. Soltau writes under date of March 8th: "The boat, LE BON MESSENGER, was opened last Sunday by Rev. Theodore Monod, Rev. Merle d'Aubigné, Rev. Dr. Loba and Dr. Benham, with an excellent meeting. The boat is charming! The architect has been most successful in its plan, and the result is an exceedingly attractive and convenient structure." He adds, "Mr. Monod says, in a card just received, 'I think the boat a splendid thing, and I have no doubt that it will prove a most efficient means of grace.'"

We would stir up the pure minds of our readers to a better sense of the value of this little quarterly of ours as a means of keeping awake an intelligent interest in our work. We ought to have five readers for every one we now have. There is nothing which keeps up and increases a Missionary subscription list like a knowledge of what the Mission is doing. Cannot the Auxiliaries subscribe for and distribute a larger number of copies of the RECORD?

In the last RECORD we announced the formation of two new Auxiliaries. We now have the pleasure of welcoming to our Association three, in addition to those before reported—Woonsocket, R. I., and Blackstone, Mass.; Norwich, Conn.;

Evansville, Ind. Woonsocket and Blackstone unite, although in different States, for they are adjacent and the spirit of the McAll Mission overpasses State boundaries.

We have the further pleasure of announcing the formation of two new Mission circles, one in Mt. Holyoke College, South Hadley, Mass., and one in Houghton Seminary, Clinton, N. Y.

The devoted campaign of Rev. Mr. Anderson will be long and gratefully remembered, not only for the information communicated to existing Auxiliaries, but also for the formation of new Auxiliaries and Circles.

The support of the Salle of the Gare d'Ivry, Paris, formerly known as the Salle Yulee-Florida, has been undertaken by the Pittsburgh and Allegheny Auxiliary. Now that the efforts of this Auxiliary are to be concentrated upon one hall, and that an interesting one, we shall doubtless see a new and vigorous growth of zeal.

Those managers who are in doubt as to the best method of collecting, are advised to send to the General Secretary for the set of leaflets and envelopes prepared by the Association for this purpose. They seem to be precisely what is needed. The new leaflet "Twelve Questions Answered" will be found an excellent "campaign document."

Our readers will be interested to learn that the first edition of "The Cruise of the Mystery," bearing the imprint of the Association, is exhausted, and another edition is in hand. We have every reason to believe that the distribution of this

book both creates and deepens a love for and interest in the blessed work of the McAll Mission.

The following notice has been sent to all the Auxiliaries. We repeat it by way of reminder to such as have not yet acted upon its suggestions :

DEAR FRIENDS :

You are hereby notified that the Ninth Annual Meeting of the Association will take place April 26 and 27, 1892, in the Marble Collegiate Church, corner Twenty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, New York City. You are earnestly requested to send delegates to represent your Auxiliary, the number not to exceed five.

Entertainment of delegates will be provided by the ladies of the New York Auxiliary, and you will confer a great favor by sending the names and addresses of the delegates, at an early day, to the chairman of the local committee, Miss Alletta Lent, 120 East Twenty-ninth Street, New York City, from whom you will receive all necessary information.

Delegates not desiring entertainment should also send their names and addresses in advance of the meeting to the chairman of the committee.

You are urgently requested to prepare and send by your delegates a brief statement of the year's work of your Auxiliary. As there are now over seventy Auxiliaries to be represented, the time for reading each report will be limited to three minutes.

In any event, do not fail to send your *Report*, not later than April 1, to the General Secretary, to be read by her at the meeting.

It is hoped that every Auxiliary will feel the need of representation at this meeting. The Board of Directors have prepared a programme of deep interest, and we are assured

that the ladies of the New York Auxiliary will do all in their power to make the meeting most successful. Above all we earnestly ask your prayers for the blessing of God to rest upon the assembled delegates, that every heart may be greatly quickened in renewed endeavor for the McAll Mission.

THE ECONOMY OF THE WORK.

In these days, when the expense of Foreign Mission work is so severely criticised even by religious people, and the disbursements of our charitable societies often seem carelessly or needlessly lavish, the following words of a recent visitor to all the more important Salles of Paris will be of interest to many:

“No thoughtful person can look carefully into this work without being surprised at the very provident and judicious expenditure, and with the results accomplished with such comparatively small outlay. Nothing seems laid out upon paraphernalia or machinery. The Salles are plain to bareness; a few Scripture texts upon the walls, the only approach to ornamentation. The salaries paid are small and few. Volunteer help is a prominent feature, while Dr. and Mrs. McAll pursue with unflagging zeal and unfaltering faith, the work which they inaugurated and for twenty years have carried on *without a dollar* of compensation! Is there anything in the history of Foreign Missions to be compared with it in cost? It will doubtless be an inspiration to many who work hard to collect money for the cause, and a great satisfaction to those who conscientiously give, to be assured by one who has known the burden of the one and the joy of the other, that every dollar ‘is worked for what it is worth,’ and that ‘nothing is lost.’ Indeed, this phase of the McAll cannot be too much emphasized.”

CAMPAIGN OF REV. MR. ANDERSON.

In the January RECORD, the summary of Rev. Mr. Anderson's campaign closed with his meetings in Salem, Mass., December 9th. Since that date his labors have been equally abounding. In New England, Portland, Boston, Andover, Blackstone, Woonsocket and Providence were visited in rapid succession, yet with a thoroughness of plan and effort which secured lasting benefits to the cause. Even during "the holidays" he addressed the friends in New Brunswick, and at the close of his brief rest he resumed his accustomed and characteristic activity. Brooklyn, Philadelphia (including Germantown and Chestnut Hill), Newark, had the pleasure of receiving him, and then he turned northward and westward. Pittsfield, Burlington, Utica, Clinton, Syracuse, Rochester and Buffalo were visited in succession, and to the profit and delight of all. From Buffalo Mr. Anderson's route, as appointed by the American McAll Association, led him to Canada, for not even national boundaries divide the love and union of the friends of the McAll Mission. During the ten days in Canada he spoke in London, Hamilton, Woodstock, Toronto, Port Hope, making no less than sixteen addresses and organizing two new Auxiliaries. From our Canadian friends we have received manifold testimonies to the good accomplished by the Mission's faithful envoy. On the thirteenth of February, Mr. Anderson reached Cleveland; thence to Indianapolis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Dayton, Springfield, Pittsburgh and Alleghany, Williamsport, Harrisburg, Easton, Belvidere, Trenton, Philadelphia (for the annual meeting of the Auxiliary) and Plainfield. Mr. Anderson also spoke to the circle of family friends near Wilmington, who are associated with Mrs. H. A. du Pont, in the devoted maintenance of Mission work at Roanne. He will now go the remote West, returning to New York for the ASSOCIATION'S ANNUAL

MEETING April 26th and 27th, intending to sail for Paris, May 4th. Ten thousand American hearts bid him God speed in his work, and pray that he may have the joy of seeing the good cause prosper wherever he labors.

CHILDREN'S FUND OF THE McALL MISSION.

In Buffalo, on the first of February, I mentioned the fact that \$5.00 would defray, for a whole year, all expenses connected with a sitting in one of the Mission's halls—expenses for the evangelist, the rent, the heating and the lighting. Mr. and Mrs. Bailey, of that city, at once gave me the photograph of their little Pauline Marguerite, scarcely more than a year old, saying that they wished to support a sitting in her name. They added the hope that at some time the child might herself become a laborer for God in France.

At Cleveland I showed the baby's picture to the friends of our work. In a few days I received a letter from Mrs. Garfield, honored widow of the lamented President Garfield, informing me that her son had subscribed for two seats in the name of her grandchild, little James Garfield, and that she had two other grandsons whom she desired to have enrolled in similar manner.

Since then, in various cities and towns, the plan has been welcomed, and about thirty names of young people and little ones have been added.

In some cases the gift of the \$5.00 had been accompanied by the request that the child's name should be inscribed on the back of the chair which was thus paid for in the Mission hall. In one instance the mother of a little "Elise" has also promised to pay for a tract per day, to be given to the person occupying Elise's sitting.

The "CHILDREN'S FUND" is thus fairly started, for which we are very thankful. During this last year the Lord

has called to their Heavenly reward many of our most venerable and most liberal supporters. As the monarchs of the forest are removed, may God cause the tender saplings to spring up in their place.

Parents and grandparents, will you not enroll the names of your little ones, and thus help us to secure France for Christ?

Yours, in the best of bonds,

SAMUEL H. ANDERSON.

P. S.—Since Rev. Mr. Anderson wrote the above appeal word has reached us that in Harrisburg, Pa., no less than \$100, representing twenty names, has already been subscribed to the “CHILDREN’S FUND.” Are there not hundreds to join these fifty of whom we already have knowledge? The inscription can easily be placed upon the chair wherever such a desire is expressed. Communications respecting the “CHILDREN’S FUND” may be sent to Miss Caroline Remington, General Secretary of American McAll Association, 1710 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

The time is at hand when our friends will be going abroad for the summer or longer. We would remind them of the importance of seeing something of our work while in Paris. There is much to occupy the visitors to that wonderful city, but an evening or afternoon in a Mission hall is worth all the time it takes. They will easily find the station at 23 rue Royale, where there is a meeting every evening at 8.15 and a very interesting workers’ prayer meeting on Friday at 3.30. This prayer meeting is the heart of the McAll work—the very pulse of the machine. At this station visitors can inform themselves as to other stations and services.

THE ANNUAL MEETING A SOURCE OF POWER.

[An editorial in the RECORD for April, 1890, says just what we would wish to say to our readers to-day, in view of the approaching Annual Meeting. We therefore beg for it a careful re-reading.—EDITOR.]

Do our Auxiliaries at all realize how important it is to their growth and power that they should keep up an intimate connection between themselves and the Association? And do they understand that this can best be accomplished by sending delegates to the Annual Meeting? Even the stronger Auxiliaries,—and strength is not always to be reckoned by the number of members,—have in general a very inadequate notion of this wonderful work in which they are engaged. They have their own *salle*, their own activities of various kinds in some quarter of Paris, or some town in the provinces, they receive letters from their missionary or their Bible reader, they are intensely interested in the work as they know it, and willing, perhaps, to make some sacrifice for its furtherance. But even these stronger Auxiliaries,—not to say the weaker ones which do equally valuable work in contributing to the general fund, but have no particular tie to any branch of the work—how much do any of them know of this wonderful work as a whole; how many of them have any large view of what the McAll Mission is to France, both in its religious and in its social condition: how many of them have an adequate notion of the relative place and importance of their own special branch of the work?

It is only in the Annual Meetings that this large and all-round view of the work can be gained. The Association is far other than a mere clearing house of donations and contributions; it is far more than simply the sum of all the Auxiliaries which compose it. As a community, a church, a mob, is something vastly more than the sum of the individuals which make it up; as in each there is power, for good or evil,

measurably greater than may be found by adding up the power of all its members, and distinctly different from that, so it is with our Association. It is a fountain of knowledge, a centre of power, a source of enthusiasm such as we may look in vain to find elsewhere; and it is at the Annual Meetings that this power, this knowledge, this enthusiasm become the strength and inspiration of those Auxiliaries who send delegates to it.

It is for this reason that no Auxiliary can afford to let a year go by without sending at least one delegate to the Annual Meeting. Even when the meeting is distant and the Auxiliary feeble or small, the advantage to be gained is great enough to warrant the expense, provided no delegate is in a position to bear her own expenses. The knowledge she will bring back, the impulse to work, the sense of power which comes from realizing the solidarity of her Auxiliary with the whole body of societies which form the Association, are needed all the more in proportion as the Auxiliary is weak and poor; and they would, with hardly an exception, be the means of building up that Auxiliary to a degree which would well repay the expense. Much more should all the Auxiliaries which are near, make a special point of sending the full number of delegates to the meeting: for they will find the gain to their work to be very great in proportion to the outlay.

The Annual Meeting of this year is almost at hand.

* * * * *
The condition of the Mission, the opportunities opening before it, the rewards it is already reaping, the possible hindrances of the future, all call upon us for especial activity in the coming year. We need all the power we can gain from conference, from mutual encouragement, from a wider knowledge, from a more glowing zeal. Let us then come together in numbers such as no Annual Meeting has yet seen, and "warm both hands" and our hearts as well "before the fire" which will then be kindled.

A DOUBLE BIRTHDAY.

[From *Christianity in the Nineteenth Century*, January 21, 1892.]

The friends of this Mission, knowing that Mr. McAll had, the month previous, attained his seventieth year, and remembering that the first "Popular Reunion" had been held on the seventeenth of January, 1872, have for some time past prepared to celebrate this double anniversary.

Last Saturday, the co-workers and friends of the Mission assembled at 4 o'clock in the Rue Royale Hall, transformed for the occasion and trimmed with greens and with the French and English flags. It was rapidly filled. M. Hollard, who presided, occupied the little platform with Mr. and Mrs. McAll, and in a serious and spirited discourse recalled the claims of Mr. and Mrs. McAll to the gratitude of our churches. M. Louis Sautter spoke after him, and after expressing the same sentiments he begged Mr. McAll to accept from the friends of the Mission a pocket-book (the contents of which would serve to procure a souvenir of this festival) and proffered to Mrs. McAll the gift of the ladies of the Mission, which consisted of a beautiful vase of flowers. The venerated director of the Mission then arose, and with much emotion expressed his gratitude and that of Mrs. McAll, speaking of those who are no more and of those present, friends and co-workers in the Mission, with that earnestness, kindness and cordiality which win all hearts to him.

M. Dhombres responded to Mr. McAll with an emotion which was shared by all. He was followed by Messrs. Appia and Hocart in addresses which were listened to with true sympathy. M. Deacon spoke in the name of the English Committee and M. Decoppet repeated a poem, which was received with much applause. Then, M. Hollard having announced that several other intending speakers waived their privilege, the second part of the meeting began. After a duet

had been listened to and the Assembly had joined in several hymns, a prayer was offered, and then the company mingled together in social intercourse, while young ladies served tea, coffee and cakes, which, to judge from appearances, were excellent; but being obliged to take leave at that juncture we were not able to add to this *a priori* judgment, that sanction of personal experience which plays so large a part in the debates of the present day.

Monday evening, the attendants and friends of the McAll meetings assembled in the church of the *Oratoire*, which was crowded up to the third galleries. M. Recolin, who presided, recalled in choice language the depth of gratitude which we owe to Mr. and Mrs. McAll. Then, in the name of the attendants at the meetings, M. Theodore Monod presented to Mr. McAll a bronze statuette, the product of a subscription of *ten centimes* (two cents). This statuette, which represents Luther singing for his livelihood, and which has for its base a small clock, was in his eyes a symbol of the McAll meetings; and after one of those speeches, sparkling with wit, which are always heard with so much pleasure, M. Monod presented to our venerable friend an album containing, with the 5,300 signatures of the subscribers of the gift, the address of 125 stations, together with the manuscript of a charming poem of which he was the author, and which he had read aloud at the time of making the presentation.

Mr. McAll, in his reply, returned thanks for this delightful festival, recalled the humble beginnings of the Mission, expressed his gratitude to God for blessings received, spoke in tender regret of those who are departed, and with affection of his co-laborers in the work, ending with a serious exhortation to the attendants at the meetings, all in words and with a manner infinitely touching. Then followed choice musical selections sung by the choir of the *Oratoire*, interesting addresses by Messieurs Picard, Réveillaud, Vincent and

Cordey, with a closing prayer by M. Fisch. The entire audience, literally all eyes and ears, remained to the close of the service, which lasted two hours and a half.

LIVING LINKS.

Recognizing the fact that there is no surer way to keep alive and active the relation between an Auxiliary and the work abroad than by having a "living link" between the two, the New York Auxiliary has sent to Paris a missionary from its own number. Miss Mary Houghton, their special representative in the work, is peculiarly fitted for the duty to which she has been called. As a little child she was in France during the Franco-Prussian war, in Paris all through the Commune, and her sympathies went out to the French people with that intense partisanship which is characteristic of childhood. Later, she returned to France in the early days of the Mission, and shared, as a little school girl might do, in her mother's work in the children's schools and meetings. Thus, by familiarity with the French language, by deep and affectionate appreciation of the French character, and by an almost lifelong knowledge of the Mission work, God seems to have been fitting her for the call which has now come to her. Miss Houghton sailed for Havre on January 30th, and has been several times heard from, with interesting details of her work among the children and women in Salle Rivoli.

Are there not other girls in our Auxiliaries, girls whose education has made them familiar with the French language and sympathetic with the French character, who will offer themselves for such a service? The Association will, indeed, be linked by love to this blessed work, when the daughters of our members form the living tie between America and France.

A PISGAH VIEW OF OUR "PROMISED LAND."

REV. J. F. LOBA, D.D.

Going to the Mediterranean shore for the first time, and for the first time looking on the field, and its laborers, I could look with a clear eye and form an estimate without prejudice, of the field and those who under God were there to sow the good seed of the kingdom. During my twenty days of absence, I visited eight cities and towns and addressed about twenty meetings. I looked in upon the work at all the stations from Menton to Marseilles, and added visits further north to Lyons, St. Etienne and Besançon, gaining a fair view and apprehension of the work in rather widely separated localities. I may sum up briefly my impressions under these heads :

1. *The Field.* There never was a better one for the sowing of the Word. I was overwhelmed by the wideness of the open door. On all sides the one great need is preaching. Bibles and tracts ; these are gladly received everywhere. The opportunity is simply unlimited. Towns and villages are open and eager for the Gospel. The only limit is that imposed by lack of men and means. Wherever a New Testament or Bible finds its way, wherever a meeting is held, the vital power of the seed is witnessed in creating at once a want for more light and more life. A volume could be written on the witness of the Spirit to the Truth of the Word in the South of France. A soldier in Marseilles received a New Testament and carried it into the mountains of Dauphiny. It fell into the hands of a plain but earnest man, and a new light illumined the entire community. Five Christian churches and calls for more, are the result. A shoemaker comes into a meeting in Marseilles, he is converted and returns to his home in Corsica with the New Testament in his hand and the love of God in his heart. In a few months, or rather weeks, the curé is driven out of the village, and the shoemaker has evangelized the entire community. This is but a sample of the reports coming in on

all hands of the spread of the light. At Cannes, at the neighboring village of Connect, at the thriving industrial but little known city of Grasse, all about, creeping back into the remote country places, the Gospel leaven is working and the whole is being leavened.

2. Perhaps the strongest impression received and brought away, is of the noble character of the men and women engaged in this work. Utter self-forgetfulness and disinterested devotion may be said to characterize them all. With marvelous tact and unflagging zeal they are pushing on the work for the salvation of men. Preaching, distributing Bibles and tracts, visiting from house to house, they think only of bringing the kingdom of God to men, and winning souls for the kingdom. It has been to me a blessed experience to visit, pray and work with them in their homes, and in the Salles. Such men and women as are found in Cannes in the home of Mr. H. Weber, at Marseilles, about the indefatigable Pastor Lenoir, do honor to any field or land, in which they exercise their blessed influence.

To the McAll Mission here is given the glorious privilege and the awful responsibility of sharing in the work of saving this great nation for the Gospel and for the kingdom. There is one great hope and consolation, under the blessing of God and with the co-operation of the noble Christian men and women of America, and other lands, viz: the Mission is faithful to its task and I believe will yet accomplish it.

We have always on hand a supply of "Fifine," that pretty little story of the McAll Mission, which has awakened so many to an interest in the Work.

We shall soon receive from Paris, for free distribution, 2000 "Booklets," containing the full account of the double birthday celebration in Paris, of which some description will be found in this number of the RECORD.

TEN THOUSAND UNEVANGELIZED FRENCH VILLAGES.

LETTER FROM DR. McALL.

We often write respecting our work in great cities and busy centres of France. For once I should like to transport our American friends with me to remote and more rural places to which our work has penetrated. I feel sure that, like myself, they would return from such a visit with an overwhelming impression of the immense work, which, so to speak, lies waiting for the heart and hand of Christian laborers throughout this country.

Let me begin with an excursion made this week along with my esteemed colleague, the Rev. Dr. Loba, to Saint Gemme, one of our village stations, distant some twenty miles from Paris, the latter part by a wild forest road. This remote hamlet has all the characteristics of the utmost rusticity and in it until within a few years nothing but the grossest Romanism, side by side with total irreligion, had been known. It is a very small place, not counting, I suppose, more than 200 inhabitants. Monsieur Paul Passy, one of our voluntary helpers, a young Frenchman, whose father has a country house in the vicinity, formed the desire of introducing the Gospel into this darkest of dark places. At his own cost he built a small wooden room, just on the summit of the hill, and on the roof of which a flag was hoisted at the hours of meeting, to gather in the neighbors. Here he commenced earnest work, aided by my late beloved colleague, the Rev. G. T. Dodds, the Rev. C. E. Greig, and others. The peasants soon began to attend, and also to send their children to the juvenile service held during the week, because we had no one to send to them on the Sunday. I well remember how strange all seemed on the occasion of my own first visit. The Rev. J. C. Bracq, then helping us in Paris, accompanied me. The men wore their blouses, and following the custom of the

country, kept on their hats throughout the meeting. They had, however, already learned to take them off during prayer. The work has gradually gained firm hold, so much so, that a little congregation and church has been gathered, and regular worship has been added to our evangelistic meetings, under the auspices of the French Central Society of Evangelization, with which we always rejoice to co-operate. The wooden chapel, through which the wind used often to blow fiercely, in that exposed situation, has been exchanged for a humble but neat structure of brick, surmounted by a little belfry instead of the old flag. It will contain about 100 persons, besides a class-room or vestry adjoining. The peasants did their utmost to aid in the construction by their personal labors.

Last Tuesday we went over to Saint Gemme, for the festival of the "Christmas Tree." The little place was filled to its utmost capacity, a few having come up the hill from another of our stations in the village at its foot. In the centre was the tree, on one hand the villagers, a group which would have told well as a photograph of rusticity; on the other were ranged the scholars, as orderly and pleasant looking as any village children in America or England. Some of the hymns were sung by them alone, the rest by all the assembly. If the harmony was not faultless, the heartiness left nothing to desire. Mrs. McAll tried to accommodate the music of the harmonium to their somewhat uncertain notions of time and tune. There is now a daily infant school in the place, taught by one of the peasant girls who have been brought to the Saviour.

The young Reformed Church missionary, pastor of the district, Monsieur Secretan, who is greatly beloved by the people, with Dr. Loba, Mons. Paul Passy (the founder) and a colporteur aided me in the service. I have no words to tell what I felt in being there, amidst that Christian throng,

when I reflected how, until the young squire's happy thought of a few years back, all had been total darkness in that lone village on the hill.

Here are two other recent scenes, also from villages a few miles distant from Paris. The one was at Nanterre, celebrated for its annual festival "*La Rosière*" whither we went, some weeks ago, to open a larger mission room in place of the former one which had become too small. There were fully 120 persons present, including the mission-school children. One of the boys repeated accurately the Fiftieth Psalm. As at Saint Gemme we found ourselves surrounded by a group of rustic people, who gave evidence of their gratitude and joy that we had brought to them the precious truth of Christ. And shortly before this, I had the pleasure of going to another populous village, Rueil, also on occasion of opening a larger mission hall. There, too, we found a most sympathetic audience of 130, including the mission scholars, who sang their hymns. At Rueil, a little church has been already formed, associated with our Baptist friends.

Our very latest village effort is being put forth at Alfortville, an extremely neglected and demoralized place, some six or seven miles from Paris. Two of our voluntary workers, young Englishmen, have gone to work courageously, opening a weekly meeting in an unused shop, preceded by a short service for the children. There in the uncouth "*banlieue*" of the great city, the pioneering work involves some self-sacrifice; prejudice and ill-will have to be encountered; but already the young men are welcomed by a little band of persons, ready to hear, and for whom the Gospel has a freshness of interest almost unknown in America or England.

I have sketched these scenes in order to call the attention of American and British friends to the IMMENSE FIELD which lies waiting for Christian effort in this country. Here is the

actual state of the case. To speak only of the rural population of France, there are probably not less than TEN THOUSAND VILLAGES in which the pure Gospel is totally unknown, in very many of which it has never at any time been preached. If these places were searched through, it would be found that, in not a few of them, not a single copy of the Bible exists, unless, indeed, in the house of the priest, who carefully hides it from the people. Think of a community, whose members have never had addressed to them an appeal of Divine love, not one of whom has ever had God's book in his hand!

Is the case of these villages hopeless? Is it impossible to break in upon this state of ignorance, with the attendant prejudices and errors which have accumulated through untold centuries? Nothing could be more incorrect than to allege that these people have rejected the Gospel, so that the day of grace is over. You cannot say that of a man to whom the Divine message has, literally, never come. No wonder that, in such cases, the obstacles are formidable and the demand great on patience and perseverance. But the villages concerning which I have written, and others in which a similar blessing has been experienced, offered no more facilities and presented no more promise than do THOUSANDS of others in which nothing is as yet attempted. Will not Christians in more favored lands, by their generous gifts, enable us and others to go forth to hundreds of Saint Gemme and Nanterres, and Rueil and Alfortvilles, seeking in our Master's name, and by the power of His Spirit, to transform the desert into the garden of the Lord? And will not young men and Christian ladies freely give themselves to strengthen our small missionary bands, so that we may compass the "very much land which remains to be possessed."

R. W. McALL.

AUTEUIL, PARIS, *January 2, 1892.*

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

By MRS. G. THEOPHILUS DODDS.

[From the *Paris Quarterly*.]

Twenty years ago, France lay bleeding, despairing one had almost said, but that France never despairs. Crushed by external force, and torn by civil war—politically weak—superstitious, atheistic, closed to the Gospel—her enlightened Christians a mere handful of discouraged men—where, in her moral life, any more than in her external circumstances, was recovery to be looked for?

Twenty years ago, an English gentleman of fifty—an age when most men slacken speed, or at least nestle down into old ways and grooves of work—twenty years ago, an Englishman, who never till five months before had crossed the channel; leaning on no one's advice; with no adequate provision for a great undertaking; having left home, work, influence, income behind him,—threw himself into what was considered on all hands a desperate venture.

But his venture succeeded. In a marvelous way everything fitted together; the nick of time, the character of the work attempted, and the peculiar gifts of the chosen man.

Had one element of these three been wanting, how would the story have read? Could Mr. McAll have begun in '52 as easily as in '72 had he only thought of it? Or would any other method and man equally bold have succeeded, when the crisis of '72 had fairly come?

Idle questions!

When *God* rises up to make bare His right hand, the right elements are found in combination, not before. "It was the finger of God," is the only true explanation.

And now, we can thank God with all our hearts that after twenty years of almost unparalleled mental labor and strain, endured often in pain and weakness, Dr. McAll is still the life and soul of the work. Worn with toil more than

with years, he is mentally as youthful as he was at fifty; as ready to plan, to venture, to adapt, to turn the flank of a difficulty, or to claim new territory boldly, as need may be. It is this rare mixture of pliability and boldness which has made Dr. McAll fit, among all men, for the work he has done.

And now, what have those twenty years done for France? In these years, it is certain, the face of France has greatly changed. Every door is open. Bigotry and misconception are shrinking away. Above all, the Protestants are full of courage and hard at work. How much of this changed aspect of things is due to the McAll Mission, and how much to the countless other agencies now at work, it is not easy to say. That *some* of it, *much* of it, is due to the former is beyond doubt. Besides, a guide is a guide. Though fifty men as good as he should follow, he has still the honor of showing them the way. And it is not I that say it, but M. Monod, "God in His providence used Dr. McAll to show the Protestants the way to work."

LETTER FROM AJACCIO, CORSICA.

M. Piguet being away for the time being, I will give you, in answer to your request, some particulars as to your work at Ajaccio. During the winter your hall was much frequented, the audience exceedingly large, and even doubling at times the number of chairs. The attention sustained by the audience expressed a measure of their desire to know what one might well have to say to them in the Protestant Hall.

Often enough disturbers came to stir up confusion in the audience, but the interference of the police quickly restored order by expelling the offenders.

A thing worthy of remark, the women came, whom, till then, we could not succeed in drawing, and sometimes they

even constituted the larger part of the congregation. Some came with assiduity and interest. An aged woman visited the other day by the parish priest, and scolded by him, answered him somewhat in these terms: "Yes, I go to the Protestants because I hear God talked of there in a way that you have never spoken to me of him." "If you continue to go to hear them," said the priest, "I will not give you absolution." "I can dispense with it, I have God's," was the immediate reply.

In addition to this woman, your mission has reaped as fruit, a whole family, consisting of father, mother and a daughter, thirteen or fourteen years of age, and all these fully converted.

What these precious souls have had to suffer in the way of persecution on all hands, and especially from the priests, is beyond all conception. At the catechism, in the pulpit, and everywhere, and amongst all, the priests affirmed that the parents had sold their child to me for 3,000 francs and a trousseau as dowry. The child was called a "sold one" by her former companions when they met her in the road. The parents were besieged by people, who had come to reproach them, and to ask for explanations. They kept firm, or rather our Saviour, to whom they had abandoned themselves without reserve, has sustained them, and now they take part with us, at the Lord's supper. The father fully saved, and knowingly so, gifted by the Lord with a large share of common sense, loses no opportunity to proclaim the great things which had been done to him. I cannot tell you everything which is connected with this matter. Sometimes his faith and his confidence have reached the sublime. To the Lord be the glory and to Him be it, to give to your Mission to discover other diamonds hidden under so much mud.

THE PROVINCES.

[From the *Paris Quarterly*.]

I have promised to give my readers some idea of what is happening in the country, and in the provincial towns of France. But oh! how shall I convey any idea of the *bigness* of the whole thing!

People do not realize what a large country France is. If its population is less dense than ours, still it is not all packed into the large towns. The country people count for more. Almost each commune has a life and character and flavor of its own. This makes the study of life and work in France very interesting.

I have beside me a thick budget of monthly reports of the workers—dry reports some people would think them. Often bare statistics—so many hearers last month—so many this; a slight increase here—the children coming out better; there, a few francs is needed to buy some more chairs, or a desk, or a harmonium. Repetitions are frequent. Outwardly, the record is monotonous; to the initiated eye, it contains—what a history!

Whether one thinks of the vast ground gone over, the toil and faith and patience involved, or the fruit that may be the outcome, these records seem no longer dry and fragmentary, but full of light and meaning.

The impression after reading through the mass of details—the impression, not of any part, but of the whole—brought tears to my eyes. Here are patient, unknown, often tried men, laboring on year after year, entreating but the prayers and help of God's people to keep their hands up.

Sometimes fighting with opposition, sometimes laboring with a dead weight of apathy more terrible still, few to help them or say a word of Christian cheer when they are out of heart. Yet on they go, hanging—one feels it in these letters

—on God alone for the breath of His Holy Spirit to quicken the dead hearts around them.

The work is harder in many of these places than in Paris ; both harder in itself, and more trying because there is no band of Christian brothers to cheer and uphold the worker. There are places where the missionaries are liable to broken heads: more often, however, the opposition takes the form of turning the meeting into a bear-garden night after night, setting fire to all the inflammable elements about the place, making serious work all but impossible.

For instance, M. Migault records an average of rather more than *one* (different) hearer per meeting, mockery, mud, broken windows, a heart near breaking for nearly a year. And when one knows that at that very time the missionary was tried by suffering and bitter domestic bereavement, one realizes something of the strain he must have felt, and of the reaction of joy, when the hard soil began to yield, and the first sheaves of harvest were given.

Our friend, M. Guibal, too, who is painfully breaking ground in the Lozère, has had a hard tussle with the “ Clericals.” At Mende, the editor of an ultra-Catholic paper attended one of his lectures, for the purpose of contradicting, and of shouting “ Vive la République ” at the top of his voice, followed by others who liked the fun of shouting with him. This was finished by his grandly saying that the place was too small for it to be worth his while to argue with M. Guibal, offering *rendezvous* in a larger quarter, where all the town might come to hear the missionary triumphantly refuted !

M. Guibal has pressed this editor again and again to fulfill his promise, but, although some months have elapsed, he seems strangely unwilling to meet his adversary in the lists ! Happily, the Republican Administration enforces toleration.

We realize little of all these difficulties: the physical toil of itinerating in a large district ; the depressing sense of

being not only lonely but *hated*, the long waiting for any sign of good done. It is easier to sympathize with the stirring work in Paris. But one's sympathy is not less but more needful for these others.

But I recall myself. The field is too wide. Where shall I begin? Let us first go outside of France altogether, to a country which is only in the old Roman sense a "Province" of France, I mean.

ALGIERS.

One hardly knows how the French population of Algiers is composed. Money-makers; fortune hunters; health and pleasure seekers form part. People who want to live cheaply, people also who go there to avoid paying their debts, or to escape the law. People who wish to escape moral restraint in any form. The result of this mixture is not, in every sense, pleasing. This is the way in which M. Borel describes the low population near one of the stations. First, the children:

"It is a strange little people this crowd of ramblers of the district of the Prefecture. Want of discipline, ignorance and vice seem to be incarnated in them. Prayer is impossible amongst them. They burst out with laughter. They sing flat, they bellow. We explain to them the American pictures, but if the story lasts more than a quarter of an hour they go away one by one. The other day I remained with a solitary child in the hall. I have difficulty in believing that savages are coarser than they."

"These children are just what their parents are. The mothers are coarse, covetous, liars and devout Catholics."

"Yet," he says, "I have noticed more than once something like a stirring of conscience among these children."

Yet again:

"We go on, not allowing ourselves to be discouraged by difficulties. We feel here that man is specially helpless, and incapable of doing the work. It is only God that can do it."

Yet, from this unpromising material, in one hall thirty-seven have sat down at the Lord's table as converts, while in all the halls conversions have taken place.

“Amongst those converted was a Socialist whom everybody at Algiers knows, so zealously did he propagate his opinions. At a meeting we had in a theatre lately some Socialists and Anarchists came to drive us off the field, but this man met them, spoke directly to the ringleader, and confounded them so that they left.”

“One day a young man I had often seen in our hall, Rue de Tanger, met me on the road. ‘I was just going to you,’ he said, ‘to tell you how happy I am.’ The night before last he had left the meeting troubled, fearful, conscious-stricken. He had gone to bed, but day dawned before he could close his eyes. Rising, he confessed his sins to God, and asked forgiveness. Peace entered into his heart, and he knew that he was pardoned.”

Another conversion is that of a young woman, whom neither the practice nor the belief of Roman Catholicism could satisfy. Her heart empty, her soul dead, she plunged into spiritualism, only to find a darker night. One day a Bible fell into her hands. She read it, and felt she was lost. She told her anguish to a friend who comes to our meetings, and that friend was the means of leading her to Christ.

M. Borel has organized a club of apprentices. One of these, a lad of twenty, said he had “never heard before that a man might become a friend of God.”

There are four halls in Algiers itself, and one in the country. Sometimes, too, M. Borel goes far off to one village or another and holds meetings, often in the open air.

“At —— I held two meetings, consisting of almost the entire population of the village.”

A Christian traveller, lately come from those parts, said :
“The McAll Mission is the only light in Algiers.”

While questioning the exclusive form of the assertion, we may gratefully accept the fact that in this wild region the "Salles de Conférence" are like cities set on hills—they cannot be hid.

MORE ABOUT THE "BIRTHDAY."

Of the celebration in the Oratoire described in a former page Mrs. Le Gay writes :

"I do not know when I have assisted at anything that gave me so much pleasure. The pulpit was taken away, and there were chairs placed on a dais for Mr. and Mrs. McAll and the president of the meeting. Chairs for invited guests were placed in rows against the wall, so as to leave a large opening in the middle of the hall, which was carpeted ; and the whole room was beautifully decorated with greens and plants. Mr. and Mrs. McAll took their places with great modesty, not at all at ease, being the object of observation. The hall was packed with friends, all the French pastors of note were there, and several *admirable* addresses were made. The dear good couple were eulogized, the merits of their noble work gone over in a manner so delicate, and yet with such warm appreciation, that it could not but have repaid Mr. McAll in large measure for all the trials and anxieties he has suffered to accomplish what he has.

"There are now 138 halls all over France. Their hymn book has reached its twenty-first edition. And when you remember that all these twenty years have been one free gift of time, labor and love, never having received one penny of compensation, giving out always—a complete sacrifice of self—to a strange country and a strange people, is it not grand ! Was it not worthy of the highest recognition !"

A DOUBLE CONVERSION.

[From the *Paris Quarterly*.]

I had remarked in our hall (Grenelle) a man and woman who came regularly each evening for about a month. One Sunday, when I had a little leisure before the meeting began, I entered into conversation with them.

They told me almost at once, "We are Protestants."

"Very good," I replied, "but if you are Protestants as I have been during three-quarters of my life it will not do much for you. A fine label on an empty bottle is not worth a full bottle without a label; if you are not Christians—that is to say, filled with the Life and Spirit of Christ—you have only a useless label, not a ticket of entrance to Heaven at all."

The meeting began, and our conversation was interrupted, but the faithful evangelist who spoke then showed the necessity of the "new birth." "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature," was the text that the Spirit put in his heart and mouth for the souls that He called that evening "by their name." The Thursday following, the husband came alone, he was uneasy and sad. He came and told me that his wife was ill and begged me to go and see her. "I shall certainly go one of these days, give me your address." He gave me his card, and in a very embarrassed tone said, "Could you come to-morrow?"

"I shall try."

On going out he said to me again, "You will come to-morrow, won't you?"

"I hope so."

He went out; after an instant he came back: "I can't promise my wife that you will come to-morrow?"

"I promise I shall go if God permits me."

She must be very ill, I said to myself.

The next day when I rang at her door she came herself to open it.

“I thought you were in bed,” I said.

“No, I am not very ill.”

Five minutes after I was sure that her illness was a profound conviction of sin. Blessed sickness, so rare in Paris!

She told me all about herself. When a child she had received religious instruction from a pastor in the south of France, but it had made no deep impression on her.

She had “the outward appearance” of religion, but not the reality. She married against her parents’ wishes, a nominal Protestant, an unbeliever and a mocker.

When she wished to go to service on Sundays he laughed at her and her childish credulous ideas. He told her that what she had been taught was stupid nonsense, and that an intelligent woman ought to renounce it, and she did so.

They came to Paris. For twelve years they have lived at Grenelle and never have they gone to a religious service.

Two years ago, during the Exhibition, one of their cousins—“a saint, madame”—came to pass a month with them. She spoke to them of their souls and of the Saviour, but without success. One evening they entered with her our hall at Avenue Rapp, but Mr. M. left at once shrugging his shoulders. A few days later he passed the hall in Grenelle, but refused to enter. Their cousin left Paris quite broken-hearted, but saying to them, “I shall never cease to pray for you till you belong to the Saviour.” She wrote to them often and sent them papers and tracts.

Her prayers at last called down blessing on the souls that were so dear to her, and the Spirit began to work in Madame M.’s heart. One day she said to her husband, “We are going straight to hell, when we are there you can say that it was you who lead me there, for I do not wish to go anywhere without you.”

He shuddered and replied mockingly, but with trouble in his voice. “A few days after,” she continued, “I per-

ceived that the large marriage Bible, which for twenty-eight years had been banished to the foot of the cupboard, had changed its shelf, the religious tracts were also displaced."

"Will it not be better to read with me than to read alone?" I said.

"Since then we have done it. Then the thought came to us to pass an evening at the 'Salle de Conférence,' and we have never missed a meeting since. A few days ago I proposed to my husband to pray aloud together. 'I don't know how,' he said, 'let us try.' We knelt down, and he repeated the Lord's prayer; then he added the Creed. We do not know how to pray without repeating by heart." (As for me, I thought with delight that an *atheist* who, on his knees before God, solemnly utters aloud the Creed is not far from the kingdom of God.)

I said to her, "speak to God as a rebellious child to a father she has gravely offended, towards whom she has been so ungrateful." So we knelt down. For a long time she wept and prayed, accusing herself, asking mercy, despairing of ever obtaining the pardon of which she was so unworthy.

Instead of seeking to comfort her I put her, as well as I could, in presence of the Divine holiness and justice, in contrast to her guilt and sin; her heart was breaking.

I prayed with her and for her; then all at once, irresistibly pressed by the spirit of the Lord, I seized her hand, made her stand up before me, and, looking at her fixedly, said, laying stress on each word: "*In the name of the Lord I forbid you to go on asking pardon for your past life, or you will offend your God more gravely than you have ever done, by not believing His word. In His promise whosoever asks receives. There is the promise, then; as you have asked pardon you have received it.*" And I cited all the passages of Scripture which assured her of salvation, of reconciliation with her Judge, of her redemption by the blood of the

Saviour, and I ended by repeating slowly the glorious revelation of John i. 12: "To as many as receive Him to them He gave the right to become children of God." "Claim your right, throw yourself into the arms of your Father, love Him for so much love."

She wept for joy and cried: "How good He is! Oh, how good He is!" Then all at once, "But my husband, he must be made happy, too; he is suffering as I was."

The next evening I went to the house when his work was over. I passed the evening with him, spoke to him, and read different passages of the Word, and above all prayed aloud for him. (His wife prayed with me as if she herself had been converted for a long time.)

The next evening, Sunday, one of our brothers (M. Sagnol) spoke and prayed with him. But really he had such humility in his conviction of sin that words were useless. To pray that he might find peace and joy was all that was needed. Our brothers and sisters remained with us to pray, and continued in prayer until the Spirit of adoption had murmured in the heart of the prodigal son, "Thou art mine; rejoice with us, my son was dead, and is alive; he was lost, and is found."

Two days after, when I went to see Mr. M., he had no longer any trouble, except that he did not know how to give thanks in a manner worthy of the Lord's mercy, or how to speak of all His love to others.

"The new-born child begins by stammering before speaking," I said. "Ask the Lord for the Spirit to witness for Him; He has promised it, therefore you will receive it." And he has received it.

- We have had since two or three conversions, but I have not time to give you other accounts. Better to go and speak to the souls that are still in darkness than to tell how others have passed into the light.

A. PASTEAU.

PROGRESS IN MARSEILLES.

BY E. LENOIR.

Our two central halls continue to offer great encouragement as far as auditors are concerned. We see many new faces, the audiences are continually changing. We have lately taken some stand against the legalization of vice, and that has aroused considerable hostility of the enemy, who send young men to disturb our meetings. We propose to hold a special meeting for men to consider this subject; immorality is the most crying evil of Marseilles.

The mothers' meetings are very encouraging, and there, as in all our meetings, we see positive signs of spiritual life. The soldiers' reading-rooms are doing a good work. The next annual report will give some details of it.

Our eight Thursday and Sunday Schools show a roll of 550 names; an industrial class for little girls is very prosperous. The temperance society, founded last year, has already done great good; several reformed inebriates have given testimony in our meetings. On the last day of the year we had a festival in our Salle du Port. One hundred and seven persons were present. We had cakes and coffee, with singing, recitation, speaking, testimonies and prayers; thirty or thirty-five persons prayed most seriously. The meeting lasted three hours.

We distribute Scripture portions as much as practicable. On All Souls' Day we distributed in the cemetery 2000 New Testaments. Our Bible classes are found very interesting, and a course of instruction for former Catholics is attended by twenty or twenty-five adults.

RECEIPTS OF THE AMERICAN McALL ASSOCIATION
FROM AUXILIARIES AND CHURCHES.

FROM DECEMBER 15, 1891, TO MARCH 15, 1892.

MAINE, \$93.62.

Ellsworth—Miss L. L. Phelps, Legacy	\$30 00
Portland Auxiliary	60 62
Westbrook—S. Robitschck	3 00

VERMONT, \$25.00.

Burlington Auxiliary	\$25 00
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MASSACHUSETTS, \$1,579.57

Andover Auxiliary	\$25 00
Boston "	1419 00
—J. M. Smith	25 00
—French Baptist Mission, Tremont Temple	11 82
Roxbury—Presbyterian Church	25 00
S. Hadley—Mt. Holyoke Circle	20 00
Whitinsville—Mr. Edw. Whitin	50 00
Williamstown—Mrs. E. J. Whit- aker	3 75

CONNECTICUT, \$1,790.53.

Hartford Auxiliary	\$580 00
Meriden "	200 00
New Haven "	847 50
Norfolk—Cong. Ch. and Society	29 59
Norwich—First Cong. Church .	12 72
—Mrs. S. A. Huntington .	26 00
—Park Cong. Church . . .	44 72
Winsted Auxiliary	50 00

RHODE ISLAND, \$5.00.

Providence—Mrs. Alice Worrall	\$5 00
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NEW YORK, \$2,051.20.

Binghamton—S. McKinney . .	\$50 00
Brooklyn Auxiliary	300 00
—Mrs. S. A. Daniels . . .	3 00
—Mrs. Peter McCartee . .	2 00
Catskill—Presbyterian Church .	5 00
Ithaca—Miss H. N. Williams . .	2 20
Jamestown Auxiliary	15 40
New York "	1,280 00
Piermont—Reformed Ch. S. S. .	25 00
Rochester Auxiliary	100 00
Smithtown, L. I.—Miss Blyden- burgh	2 00
Syracuse—Mrs. Alice Brigham	5 00
Troy Auxiliary	244 60
Utica "	20 00

NEW JERSEY, \$1,816.50.

Beverly—" King's Daughters "	\$5 00
Elizabeth Auxiliary	500 00
Morristown "	175 00
—Mrs. L. G. Owen	175 00
Newark Auxiliary	570 00
Orange "	145 00
Plainfield "	246 50

PENNSYLVANIA, \$4,139.47.

Bellefonte Auxiliary	\$3 00
Bellewood—S. F. Forgeus	1 20
Chester Auxiliary	305 67
Duncannon—Y. P. S. C. E.	21 00
Easton Auxiliary	54 00
Media—Presb. Church	25 00
Philadelphia Auxiliary	3,581 35
—Mr. E. N. Benson	100 00
—Mrs. G. J. DeAr- mond	1 00
—Master J. H. DeAr- mond	25
Scranton Auxiliary	47 00

MARYLAND, \$977.40.

Baltimore Auxiliary	\$975 00
Frederick—Mr. S. R. Bonsall . .	1 20
—Miss F. L. Trail	1 20

DELAWARE, \$225.00.

Du Pont Memorial Fund	\$225 00
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WASHINGTON, D. C., \$446.00.

Washington Auxiliary	\$446 00
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OHIO, \$500.00.

Cincinnati Auxiliary	\$241 50
Cleveland "	257 50
Zanesville "	1 00

INDIANA, \$215.00.

Indiana Auxiliary	\$215 00
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ILLINOIS, \$174.87.

Chicago Auxiliary	\$149 87
—Y. L. M. S. of Christ R. E. Church	25 00

KENTUCKY, \$455.00.

Louisville Auxiliary	\$455 00
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MISSOURI, \$31.19.

St. Louis Auxiliary	\$31 19
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OREGON, \$18.55.

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